



THE BEACON

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HARRISON HILL SCHOOL.
THE BEACON



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THE BEACON



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HARRISON HILL
JUNE - 1937

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Editha

HORACE MANN

ONWARD

This month we pay tribute to Horace Mann, father of our system of free public schools. So great was his faith in the people and free common schools that he devoted his life to the promotion of education. He withdrew from the high position of President of the Massachusetts State Senate and became Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, July 1, 1837.

Urging people to make their schools better, improve school buildings, enrich the course of study, and, above all, to provide better teachers, was his business for some time before he was able to convince people of the necessity for these improvements. He founded the first normal school in America in Lexington, Massachusetts. Mr. Mann prepared textbooks in arithmetic, physiology, and spelling. During ill health, poverty, and many disadvantages, he carried on.

Now, throughout the United States, in recognition of the contribution which Horace Mann made to the establishment of the American system of free schools, a Horace Mann Centennial is being sponsored by the National Education Association. No honor is too great to pay to the man who had the vision to see the possibilities of a great free public system of education. We join with the rest of our country in honoring this great educator who "discovered the public schools."

Joyce Cleaver, 8A

Nine years ago this September a group of 135 small children, all eager to learn, entered the Harrison Hill kindergarten. We struggled along, learning to read and write, and when we accomplished these things, we were proud little youngsters.

When time came for us to leave the primary grades and enter the intermediate department, we certainly thought we were grown up. We considered it great fun to pass from class to class, and it was a thrilling new experience to be so laden down with books. After two short years we were eligible for Junior High School.

Now the time is drawing near for us to leave Harrison Hill. In the conceit of our youth, some of us may think we know it all, but most of us know that we are really just beginning our education. So, with pleasant memories of the happy times we have had in laying the foundations of our knowledge, we say farewell to Harrison Hill, and depart for the wider field of experience which lies before us.

Martha Jean Smith, 8A

MARBLE CONTEST

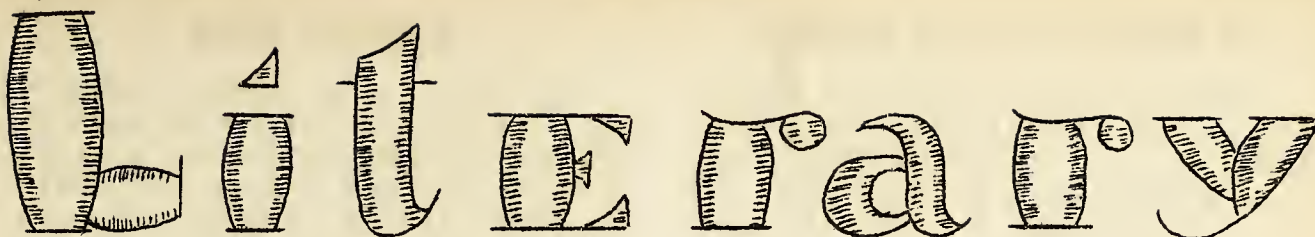
In the Marble Contest held May 21, Tom Brower, 8B pupil in Room 46, won first place. Second place was won by John Lomont, 7A. Tom will represent Harrison Hill School in the city-wide tournament to be held during the first week in June. Good luck, Tom!

8 - A Class



8 - A Class





THE PUPPY AND THE YO-YO

What is that green and black thing that keeps bobbing up and down from the end of that string? It certainly isn't any kind of a dog and it certainly isn't alive, yet it keeps bobbing up and down. I think I'll bark fiercely so it won't hurt anybody. Woof! Woof! Yippie! Now I've broken the string. Now it won't keep bothering me. Oh dear, I guess Joan didn't like that, now I have to go to bed. I'm a very disappointed pooch, but I got rid of that green and black thing!

Lois Bailey, 6A

THE LOST NEWT

One morning Miss La France looked in the terrarium. The newt was not there. She looked under the moss. The newt was not there. She looked under the pan. The newt was not there. Miss La France ran to Miss Cross. She said, "Oh, Miss Cross! The newt is lost." Miss Cross said, "Oh, Oh, The newt is lost." Miss Cross ran to look for the newt. She looked under the moss. She looked under the pan. Then she looked on the floor. She said, "Oh, Oh, here is the newt. He crawled out of his home."

By Class of 1B's

PIONEERS

Pioneers did not live like we do. They did not have as many books. One family had a school-book besides the Bible. The first book was a spelling book. Their books did not have pretty pictures like we have in our books.

Billy Kay Trier, 3B

TRUE HAPPINESS

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes but in liking what one does. When John was a boy his father advised him to take piano lessons. He said that after years of hard study John would give happiness to others and eventually to himself. Jim's father told Jim the same. John was an indifferent boy and decided at once it would be too hard to spend years at a musical instrument. He wanted only to play the harmonica. His spirit killed the idea at once. Jim was different. He decided to make himself like the piano. He knew achievement is glory. Jim spent two years at one college and three years at another studying music. Jim is now a musical personality while John is an ordinary man noted for practically nothing.

Louis Hallenstein, 8A

THE STOP SIGN

I am a stop sign. "STOP" is written on my nice, yellow coat in big, red, letters. To many people I am a great help but to others, just a bore. One day a goof (as they call them in the schools) saw me but didn't do what the red letters told him. Instead, he kept right on going. Another car was coming. The goof saw it. The goof steered his car a little to the left. He didn't run into the other car but he did run into my friend Mr. Telephone Pole. Poor Mr. Telephone Pole. I guess he was pretty badly hurt. Those goofs sure make me angry, especially when they hurt my friends.

Ruthann Stiegler, 7A

MY EXPERIENCE AS A BOOKWORM

Well, what do you know, Volume One isn't here! Oh well, I'll just go on to Volume Two. Hm, here I've landed in Cape Cod. A queer peninsula, I hear, it is a long, narrow, L - shaped strip of low, sandy, land, being about sixty-five miles in length, and from two to ten miles in width. I guess it raises quite a few cranberries.

Oh! Now I'm over to see my good friend, Lewis Carroll. He was the writer of Alice in Wonderland.

Dear me, I just can't tell you all my experiences, but I will tell you a few.

Now I'm over to the Caspian Sea. It says here that it is surrounded by Russian Territory on three sides with Persia on the south. Where water is deepest it is salt water.

Now if I can get my spectacles in place I can tell you that I'm visiting a French writer, Denis Diderot.

Well I might be taking too much of your time so I'll go through Volumes Three and Four to Volume Five.

From a distance I can see I'm nearing Nevada, the Sagebrush State. The population is eighty thousand. I must hurry.

Now I'm face to face with James Oglethorpe. He was the founder of Georgia. He settled Savannah in seven-teen thirty-three. Well I'm on my last lap of one set of books.

I'm sailing down the Yangtze River in China. It certainly tells some queer things. It says that the river steamboats are the largest river boats in the world.

I can see that now I am finished I have learned more than I have in a long time.

I believe that books are keys to wisdom's treasures and companions when friends are doubtful.

Hallie Belle Hire, 7A

A CIRCUS HORSE

My life as a circus horse is very exciting. It is so much fun to go prancing around in a circle jumping through a hoop and having a pretty little midget land on my back is wonderful. When they put sparkling, bright blankets on me and tall bright feathers on my head, I love to parade before the people. It is so thrilling to see all the girls and boys and hear the barkers selling pink lemonade and balloons.

Glussna Oppenlander, 6B

THE COOPED UP LION

I hate being cooped up in a cage. I hate to have people staring at me and saying what a fine ruff I have. I do not like to eat the same kind of meat every day. I want to be in the jungle where I can get my own food. The cage I am in is so small that all I can do is turn around, lie down and stand up. I do not like the tiger that is in the cage next to mine because he is always roaring at night. I never get my sleep.

Donald Thacker, 6B

THE MYSTERY OF THE HIDDEN CHEESE

Percy and Minnie Mouse had just learned from their postmaster, Jasper Rat, a tall muscular bully, that they had just inherited a fortune of cheese from their grandpappy, Hyman Mouse. Percy and Minnie also learned that they would have to encounter many traps and different kinds of dangers before getting their fortunes.

Finally after several hard attempts in the Widow Jone's cellar they found their inheritance. It was a nice big, round, thick limburger cheese. Which from having set so long it had a delightful odor.

Alene Loeser, 8B

COMPOSITIONS FROM THE 5B CLASS

My little kitten is always getting into mischief. One day when mother was gone my kitten got into the cupboard and spilled the flour, and sugar, and broke some dishes. When mother got home she caught him lapping up milk he had spilt. When he sees somebody coming down the street, he hides behind a tree. When they pass he runs out and makes queer sounds.

Keith Batdorf

My little kitten is always getting into mischief. One day Betty and I were playing house. After a while we heard a bang. Guess what my little kitten was doing. He was on the table and had broken mother's best vase.

Rose Mary Walden

The evening was lovely for a trip on the lake. The moon shone very brightly. The stars looked just like diamonds twinkling. When the moon shone on the lake it was like floating gold. As it grew darker, it looked like a world of gold and rippling silk.

Elaine Fredrick

Jim and Polly had much fun making a garden. Their dog dug up a gone. They found a dime as they were digging. Their mother said, "That is your reward for working so hard." Jim and Polly knew that their flowers and vegetables would be rewards, too.

Alvin Haley

My dog did not believe in mind ing his own business. He had a habit of frightening every dog he met. One day he was playing out in the yard, when a little puppy came along. Buster did not see the mother dog behind him and before he could touch the puppy the mother dog was on him. Since then he has never tried to frighten a dog.

Dick Paul, 5B

My dog does not believe in-safety first. He has very good ears, but he never uses them. My dog chases motor-cycles. He runs across the street. I think he should come to hear a safety talk. He runs under parked cars, and sometimes the cars start up.

LaVon Hayner, 5B

My little black kitten is always getting into mischief. One day when we went away, Tuffy planned to do some mischief while we were gone. So when we went out the door she jumped on the cabinet. We had forgotten to close the cabinet doors. She jumped up on the flour can and it came down on her pell-mell. When we got home she was white instead of black. She was punished by getting a bath.

Nigel Brown, 5B

I WONDER

One night as I lay in bed a funny little man climbed through my window. He told me not to be afraid. He put a pair of wings on my back and to my surprise I flew out the window. The earth got farther and farther away. At last as it was almost out of sight I saw something ahead. I discovered it was the moon. When we landed I was surrounded by a group of tiny people. Although they were small, some of them were over eighty years old. I wondered where they lived. Soon I was led into a house which was just a hole in the ground. To my surprise it was very modern. I picked up a magazine, the Moon Journal. It said the tallest man on record was five feet eleven inches tall. After a meal of air I wanted to go home. Soon I was flying out in to space. My wings came off and I landed with a bang. When I came to I was lying on the floor beside my bed. Was it a dream? I think so.

John Gumpfer, 8B

A LOVE SICK SCARECROW

One day as I was walking down the road I saw a scarecrow in a field, (a thing all tattered and forlorn.) I went up to the scarecrow and ask him what the trouble was and he replied: "I once felt the invluence of spring and I fell in love with a crow, which I know was a very foolish thing for me to do. At night off in the distance I could hear her caw, the very song filled this heart of straw. Then one day I made love to her and I have never seen her since."

And he cried and cried. Poor scarecrow, I have often seen his lady love the crow since then, she has plucked out the scarecrow's heart of straw to line the nest of her new home.

Gene Lou Harges, 8B

GHOST HOUSE

It was just a house for a Ghost. The stairs were very old and made strange noises; Many old broken windows let in the howling wind. Boards were hanging down like long arms ready to grab you. There were old pits that looked like drained shark holes, but they were only empty coal bins. Iron statues, that looked as if a ghost could hide in them, were there too

Robert Gildea, 6B

NOW YOU TELL ONE

Have you ever heard of Dobbin, the horse who minded his master so well? No? Well here goes!

One day Dobbin was walking along, with his master on his back when suddenly he started to fall. He had walked off the side of a cliff. When Dobbin was a few feet from the bottom, his master said, "Whoa!" The horse stopped and they both escaped uninjured.

Arlene Snyder, 8B

THE DESIRE TO FIGHT

One day Skippy, the cat across the street, was having a hard time keeping a dog from chasing him. Teddy, my cat, was sleeping in the sun, as usual, when he heard the commotion. He jumped up, ran across the street, jumped on the dog's back and sent him home yelping. A few days later a similar thing happened to Amos, just another cat in the neighborhood. Teddy again was sleeping, but managed to get up and chase the dog home. Then we bought a dog. The dog was so playful that Teddy became afraid of him and all dogs. So now things are different. Now whenever he hears a dog bark you'll know just where to find him--under the bed.

Marjorie Wigbel, 8B

PIONEER LIFE

Pioneer life was not easy in pioneer days. In one book my teacher read to the class it told about a family who moved to a new land and it took two months to go seven hundred miles in a covered wagon. Some of you children might have read this book. The name of the book is "The Treasure in the Little Trunk."

Evans Roth, 3B

SPRING

As Spring approaches Nature awakens in glorious colors and sweet-scented perfumes. The sleepy flowers begin to nod their heads. Grass begins to take a look at the golden sun in a lake of blue while tiny white sail boats move lazily along. The water lilies on a mirror of green begin to unfold in their fragile loveliness. Birds in their brilliant colors begin to trill sweetly. Children at play under the apple tree shout merrily. All these things are true of Spring.

Evelyn Talbot, 7A

BLUEBELLS

One day while walking in the woods I found many small fern-like plants, with pretty blue flowers, called bluebells.

I thought it would be nice to have one in my own garden. I took a plant up carefully by the roots, brought it home, and planted it in a shady spot. It grew and spread. Now I have many plants.

I like bluebells because they need very little attention. The flowers last a long time and even after they quit blooming, the leaves are still pretty and are nice to put in a bouquet of other flowers.

Dorothy Heslip, 7A

THE FAIRY AND THE BROWNIE

Once upon a time there was a fairy and a brownie. One day the brownie was chasing the fairy. The fairy's home was a flower. This flower was picked by a little-girl. The fairy ran to her home but it was gone! The brownie caught her but she got away. She ran to find a new home. She was very glad to find a cave. But it was the brownie's home. Fairy ran down the road. She saw a flower. It looked like her home. The little girl had planted the flower again. She lived happily ever after.

Mary Lou Motz, 2A

MY DOG

One day in the spring a little dog came to live with us. It was a Boston Terrier, seven weeks old. At first we could not think of a name, but finally decided on Mickey.

Mickey proved to be a very good and smart little dog. He does many tricks, some of which are, he sits

up, rolls over, speaks, gets the paper in the morning, jumps over your hand, plays dead, and hide-and-go-seek. When I come home from school, he is always waiting for me, because I love to play with him. He is a real watch dog.

Maxine Fisher, 8B

ST. AUGUSTINE

St. Augustine, Florida, is a very historic city. When I was there during spring vacation I saw the "Fountain of Youth" which was discovered by Ponce de Leon in 1513. There is a cross there which has fifteen stones one way and thirteen the other to tell the year.

I also saw the oldest house in the U. S. and the museum in connection with it.

There was an old Indian burial ground which was just discovered a few years ago when a man found it while setting out orange trees. There are eighty two bodies which a man from Smithsonian Institute said denoted either a famine or a great tragedy.

Dorothy Jaggars, 7A

A TRIP TO A GOLD MINE

We were jogging along a steep mountain pass when we saw below us a group of small buildings with a stream running beside them. The guide informed us that this was The Stillwell Gold Mine. We were so near our destination that we wanted to hurry on, but the guide said it was not safe. If your horse slipped you would fall down a hundred feet of almost perpendicular cliff to be crushed to death on the rocks below. So we went as usual. When we reached the mine we saw a man oiling a machine that pumped the water to the net that held the rocks, some of which were gold nuggets. When he saw us, he turned off the machine and told us about his mine.

John Virts, 7A

P O E T R Y

MEDITATION

These I have loved:

The swaying of the pine trees at
night on the banks of a solitary
lake;

The ripple of the water below the
bright moonlit sky;

The music of an organ blest with
peaceful reverent tone;

A quiet place for study that is
far out from the world, to concen-
trate and create, setting thoughts
to scroll;

The anticipation of a great hap-
pening that has long been premed-
itated;

The gladness and joy of reading
an article that is particularly
treasured because of its striking
feeling upon the soul.

Clarence Jackson, 8A

THE WIND

Have you ever listened
to the wind?

I have
So swiftly, lightly, it blows
along.

It fairly makes a little song.
Over the meadows, the brooks,
and the trees.

Not a thing to care about
Just like me.

It comes and kisses me on the
cheek

Then up to the highest
mountain peak,

It is always jolly, happy, and gay
I may go along with the wind

some day.
Lois Hoff, 7B

TWILIGHT DREAMS IN SUMMER

When twilight creeps
on padded feet
Across the blue-gray sky
And swallows stretch
their graceful forms
At ease, and homeward fly-
I wonder if I'll ever be
Quite free to travel down
The dusty road that leads
Through many a quaint
old-fashioned town.

The road may lead to Mexico
Where scarlet peppers dry,
Or it may lead to a
mountain home

Where a brook goes
tumbling by.

But I will just
keep traveling

Until I'm old and grey,
And then perhaps I'll stop
and dream

Off that long, straight,
dusty way.

Janice Sprunger, 7A

SUMMER

Oh Summer, Oh Summer,
Oh Summer has come,
And we may go out and play
in the sun.
Peggy Frank, 3B

PUSSY WILLOWS

I saw some little pussies--
Midget pussies, I suppose,
Little gray, downy pussies,
Just a day old;
For when I looked yesterday,
Only green buds were there.
So they must have been born
At night--I wasn't there.
Mary Belle Hawver, 4A

SAND

I love the ripple of the water
 Against my uneven sides.
 I love the moonlight that's had a
 peep beneath long silky clouds
 Fire bugs flitting below with bod-
 ies of glossy black.
 I hold the bugs close to me be-
 cause it's almost dawn.

Marianna Klotz, 7A

A STORM

Here comes the rain,
 Hear it patter on the window pane
 Here comes the lightning,
 Oh, it is very frightening!

Robert Ruckel, 6B

SPRING

Spring is coming as you can see,
 The leaves are laughing and
 swinging in glee,
 The pussy-willows have all
 gone away,
 Oh! how I wish that Spring
 would stay.

Mary Whittern, 6B

A CLOCK

Tick, Tock
 I am the clock;
 I work all day,
 In a tiresome way;
 Although I am useful,
 I never was sleuthful,
 Because!
 I just can't figure out,
 All these children about.

Carol Trenary, 7A

MEADOW BEAUTY

The sun on the lovely
 meadow green,
 Gives light with a soft and
 silvery sheen,
 And down on the valley oh so blue
 Flows a stream of a still much
 richer hue,
 The clouds above are case of gold
 Is this a fairy story being told?
 Virginia Gray, 7A

WISHING

Do you wish the world were happy?
 Then remember day by day
 Just to scatter seeds of kindness
 As you pass along the way.
 For the pleasure of the many,
 May be oftentimes traced to one;
 As the hand that plants the acorn
 Shelters armies from the sun.

Willis Welty, 6B

SAILBOATS

Some people like to pole
 on a raft,
 But me, I want a real boom
 and gaff,
 The mast, a clean varnished spar,
 But still others think that
 power boats are,
 Much better than sailboats,
 But me, K'll leave off those
 Power boats,
 It's so greasy tinkering with
 a moter!
 So I'll be a genuine sailboater.

Dan Auer, 7A

MY DREAMS

I want to be a dress designer,
 To work all day long on satins
 and silks,
 Shaping the dresses so they
 will fit,
 Dresses made of taffeta, georgette,
 and other fine things,
 With ruffles and frills,
 Cute sport dresses with high
 colored necks,
 With all sorts of designs,
 Circles, squares, and wiggly lines,
 What a fine life that would be.

Carol Trenary, 7A

MY VISITOR

There was a bluebird who
 always sang
 On spring mornings on my
 window sill.
 He made a nest up in the elm tree.
 And entertained me with a
 trilly-trill-trill.

Joan Alderman, 6B

THE SAILORBOY'S RETURN

If you were in Killarny
 That day so long ago
 You'd hear a mother whisper
 With a voice so sad and low,
 "Oh m' boy, I'll be a missin' you
 When you are out at sea,
 Learning how to be a sailor
 In the big Navy.

Can't you bide a wee bit longer-
 Before you go away?
 Sure you'll stay awhile my laddie
 Sure you'll stay anither day."

But her pleading was quite useless
 He was bound to go away.
 So he quickly turned and left her
 Left without a word to say.

He's now learned to be a sailor
 And he's yearning to go home.
 Where he knows a mothers waiting
 --To go back across the foam.

Yess he's right, the mother's waiting
 But her hair is thin and gray
 She's still sure her "Laddie" will
 come back
Sure--he'll come back to stay.

She is getting old and feeble--
 There's a knock upon the door.
 It's her little Laddie, grown up
 And they'll part, oh never more.
 Janice Sprunger, 7A

WAR

A thing that's existed
 centuries past,
 Are we going to let this awful
 thing last?
 War--it kills so many humans,
 And leaves the cities
 desolate ruins.

That dreadful thing which
 always comes,
 When nations disagree;
 Throw away those old and
 dusty guns,
 And settle things peaceably!
 Caroline Lichtenberg, 8A

BABY

A sweet little baby
 with curly hair,
 And eyes that shine through
 the day,
 With tiny hands and skin so fair,
 Red lips that pucker
 in his babyish way.

A cry is heard at early dawn;
 The baby awakens from sleep;
 As the wee lips part there
 comes a yawn
 Left by the sandman for
 baby to keep.

A step each day--he's learning
 to walk,
 With a cautious smile on his face
 Then a word each day when he's
 learning to talk,
 Gives memories you ne'er can
 replace.

Now he can run and count
 on his hand,
 And eat with his own fork
 and spoon;
 He's the sweetest child in all
 the land,
 When he whistles his favorite
 tune.

Joyce Cleaver, 8A

THE TADPOLE

I saw a little tadpole
 A swimming in the pond
 I went to catch him
 But he wiggled all around.
 Bobby Johnson, 3B

STAR PATTERNS

So beautiful the stars, so bright,
 They twinkle so merrily through
 the night,
 So wonderful and comforting
 to find
 Their patterns in the sky.
 I wish I to could make a pattern
 So comforting to the eye,
 Twinkling so merrily in the soft
 blue sky.
 Bob Gunzenhauser, 7A

LITTLE BLACK BEAR

"Ho hum," said a little black bear
As he upset the flour sack,
"I may be a toy, but I'm positive
It isn't brains I lack.

"My! MY! Tut, tut, what is this?"
As he looked into the mirror,
"This can't be me. It must be I,
Why, I must have made an error."

So he climbed into the doll house
And finally found a tub;
For today he was a white bear;
Yesterday, a black haired cub.

He looked into a little book,
Named How To Take a Bath,
"No," said he again,
"It isn't brains I lack."

Well, he got out of the bathtub,
Looking so spic and span.
Said he, "There is no bear like me
On sea or wood or land."

Corrine Nutner, 4A

CRYSTAL MAGIC

An avenue of trees
Glistening
In a coat
Of crystal;
A deep blue sky,
Lighted
With the morning sun,
Accenting
Jewelled trees;
There is a picture
An artist with his brush,
Finds not the secret of its magic.
Ellen Harry, 7A

IN OLD MEXICO

Let us go through Mexico
And in this magic land
We will find some places
Where bandits used to stand.

And in the city of Guadalajara,
Let us look around
At many old cathedrals
With bells of mellow sound.

Marjorie Riethmiller, 6B

THE RAIN

The rain is pattering on my roof,
The day is dark and dreary,
And all the little boys around,
Are sailing little boats.

I watch the rain incessantly,
As it pours and pours,
It makes me think that heaven,
Has sprung a great big leak.

It makes me very sad,
It makes me wish that I
Were happy playing baseball,
Under a blue summers sky.

John Lomont, 7A

BOOKS

When outside it is rainy and wet,
You cannot run or play, and yet,
If you look upon your shelf,
Inside a book you may find wealth
Harold Werkman, 7B

THE TADPOLE

I saw a little tadpole come
swimming round and round;
I went to catch him but I
fell into the pond.
Marty Knudson, 3A

CIRCUS

There's a circus coming to town,
The music will go round and round
The children will play,
All happy and gay,
And watch the clown,
Jump up and down.
Betty Brockman, 6B

NIGHT

Night is drawing nigh,
Clear across the sky,
The sun is fading away
Far into the night.

Birds are hunting nests,
Waves are hunting rest,
The night's shadow is here,
Closing out all fear.
Mirrianna Klotz, 7A

PROPHECY

If you have a good imagination, just imagine Charlene Mc Atee, Alice Jeanne Sweet, Bob Young, and Caroline Lichtenberg in a dark room seated before a wierd old woman who is gazing into a round globe, dazzling in its beauty. You've guessed it--we're in a fortune teller's tent. The old lady mumbled something and then told us to look into the globe. Lo and behold! Before our amazed eyes we saw the globe grow larger and larger and form itself into what is better known as the earth. We looked at each other questioningly and then a light was focused on the airport of New York. We saw ourselves boarding a plane for Hawaii, with our old schoolmates Clarence Jackson as pilot and Romayne Rediger as the Air Stewardess. Soon we were in Hawaii. The first person I noticed was a strange looking native who was staring at us queerly. "Why," said Alice, "That's no native--that's Robert Wendell sunburned a little." Later when we were in our hotel, Alice came bursting in, with four tickets to England and she said that we'd sail the next day. When we boarded the ship I noticed two sailors arguing with what seemed to be a stowaway. Upon a closer inspection it was shown that the two sailors were Paul Dannecker and Fred Baker, while the stowaway was Clarence Ditton. Later as I sat in a deck chair reading a paper I noticed this item, "8th day of week found by Donald Parkinson. "Would miracles never cease? Well, it seemed they wouldn't. That night we went down to the dance floor & who should be the band leader but Alice Hall with her rollicking

rollicers who were Jean Weil, Betty Swain, Betty Jean Haney, Lois Campbell, Helen Ninde, Marjorie McMahon, and Mildred Hankee. The stars of the show were Lois and Faye Gumpfer, appearing in the famous sister, act. I must say they were very good.

The days passed swiftly for us then, and soon we were in London, whistling for a cab. Up drove Robert Dancer in a model T. Ford and asked us if we wanted a cab. We certainly did for we had been waiting for an hour, so in we hopped and were soon driving up in front of a hotel and climbing out.

Later as we were walking down the streets of London we decided that we were hungry, so we stopped at a hamburger stand. The chef, surprisingly, was Charles Close and he was a picture with a large chef's hat on, and flipping hamburgers. We were served by none other than Marilyn Sondles, Chucks assistant.

After satisfying our appetites we started investigating the stores. In one of the stores some boys rushed up and pushed a foot stand underneath our feet, while we stood speechless in astonishment. Finally when they were finished they asked us if we wanted our shoes shined. What could we say? Bob gasped in wonder and then revealed the identity of the boys. The sextuplets were James Weaver, Robert Wylie, August Luyben, Fred Schwier, Morris Sprinkle, and Dick Stevenson.

After this episode, we decided we wanted to go to Scotland so we donned kilts and to Scotland we journeyed. Now there's one thing I've always wanted to see and that is genuine bagpipers, and I

was soon to have my chance. Only a few minutes passed and there was a great commotion down the cobbled street and two bagpipers emerged gleefully playing their bagpipes. But, why, it couldn't be, but, yes, it was--the bagpipers were Dorothy Kline, and Leland Bradley. Unfortunately, we couldn't pause too long over this spectacle. We had to hasten to France. Presto! We were in France where the French are French and we're just plain Americans. Oops there goes my purse! "Thank you," I said to the little girl who picked it up. But, she didn't look very French so let's take another look. Well! for goodness sakes!! if it isn't Phyllis Rodenbeck with Joan Gable accompanying her. My! what fun we had talking about school days.

We went over to the nicer part of town to get a glimpse of the beauties there. "Wait," said Alice in amazement, "doesn't that sign look familiar?" "Yes," chimed in the rest. The sign read: "Reece and Dale Shop." We crossed the street and quietly stepped in the door. On one side was a door which read "Miss Elizabeth Ann Dale, Child Psychologist." We went in the opposite door and found Margaret Reece looking for microbes in boiling water. During our excited conversation while walking to lunch we heard two hoarse English voices shouting, "Clear the way! "Clear the way!" "Ohh!" we exclaimed, "it's none other than Sam Bacon and John Bonsib the head garbagemen of Paris, and good ones, too." But who would ever think they's end that way? It was rather funny, and we certainly laughed. We must hurry, though, for we had to go to Spain. Anyway we were in Spain driving at a tremendous speed, and as sure as fate, up strode a policeman. "Are our eyes deceiving us?" we exclaimed. As soon as the policeman spoke we were convinced that it was Howard

Tyndall. He decided he wouldn't give us a ticket--boy! our lucky day! So off we went. Caroline remarked that she's like some Spanish food and we heartily agreed. We were soon on our way to a well known cafe. We went in and sat down and soon were waited on. We ordered from Bob Worman and in about three minutes we were brought our food. One bite was enough. We all agreed it was the worst food we had ever tasted. Bob was very Apologetic about it and went to get the chef, who turned out to be our old pal, Douglas Kigar. We walked out Disgustedly--remarking, "No wonder the food was awful." You probably have heard of Germany's cleanliness. Well, so had we, and therefore believed it that is, until we visited the Olm Banks Hotel. The place was filthy so we rang for the manager. Up walked Louis Hallenstein and asked what the trouble was. "Wrong?" I shouted, "the place is filthy!" "No wonder," said he, "You're in the attic. You went up a flight of stairs too far." That was too much for us and so decided we needed some amusement. Naturally, my first thought was ice skating.

So we visited the Berlin Rink and saw the great Sister Ice Skaters, Aileen and Jean Summers. After their act was over ten expert fancy ice skaters appeared on the scene. The girls happened to see us and told us that the fancy skaters were Thomas Adams, Donald Pens, Paul Beerman, Roy Heavner, Charles Kerr, Harold Boze, Jack Solzer, Willard Fisher, William Gatter, and Jack Green. We then realized they were our former schoolmates. After the show was over we went back to the hotel and got our things together so we could leave early in the morning for Italy.

Sure enough, next morning we headed for Italy. The first thing we heard was a milk maid exercising her voxal chords. We stopped to watch her do her work and imm-

mediately noticed it was WilmaLage man, the Jeanette Mac Donald of 1950.

After exchanging greetings we travelled on till we saw a large pond with a little island in the middle and guess who should be marooned on the island, but Dick Green and Ivan Truman. So into a row boat we bounced, to rescue the poor boys. After taking them to their homes or should we say villa, no, that's Spanish-Oh, well who cares? Everybody agreed unanimously to go to the opera as it was something different. We walked in in our best dress and quietly took our seats. Martha Jane Krauskopf and Bob Robinson were singing the leads and the chorus included Frank Du Waldt, Karl-Eberly, Vincent Minger, Russel Krauhs, LeRoy Ehrman, and Wallace Richter, Erleen Lee, Betty James, Betty Fremion, Mary Bowlby, Mary Demetre, and Patsy Seibel.

After Hearing the opera we decided not to waste any time so we went to China. Whewww! how different it was from the other countries. The first thing that met us were four rickshaw boys running up to us. "Why, they aren't boys, they're girls," said Bob Young excitedly. We blinked our eyes. It was, no doubt, Alice Sunier, Mary Scheuer, Elinor Alvather and Virginia Lee. So in we climbed and rested our weary bones, and proceeded to see the wilds of Hong Kong. In and out of crowds we rode until we came upon our classmate of 1937, Betty Koehler, coming out of a sweatshop. Evidently she didn't see us so we hurried on. Then who should we come upon but Delores Daniels and Martha Jean Smith (you remember, the hot spots of Harrison Hill in 37) All decked up in prospectors outfits in the middle of Hong Kong's busy streets. Tsh! Tsh! They were so engrossed in their work that they didn't recognize us until we spoke to them. We chatted awhile and they said we hadn't really

seen China until we had investigated all the little provinces of China. We assured them that we would do as they advised. They told us some of the choice gossip. One of the most interesting bits was that Betty Helen Harrison was planning to swim backwards across the English Channel!!!!

After that we thought we'd better go. Into what we called the wilds of China, we ventured. The first night we stayed at a quaint Chinese tourist ledge. As we approached the door a young farmer came up on the porch to greet us. He stood still. We did we. The young farmer was Dick McKay. He led us in and we shed our coats. At dinner we were served by his housewife who amazingly turned out to be Barbara Hughes. In the living room was a queer organ. We were informed that only one person could play it.

The tinkling of the organ interrupted our dreams the next morning and none other than Elaine Hirschy was the talented player.

We left in the afternoon about 4:30. We had traveled about two miles when we noticed two young women hitch hiking in our direction. When we stopped to look our curiosity was more than rewarded because the young ladies were Sally Slater and Maxine Molin.

After breakfast which consisted of rice, we traveled on. We heard some shooting, and guess who it was. Jack Cranfill, Clarence Freeman, and Robert Kite were having a Chinese feud.

We thought we'd better stay clear of that so on we travelled and traveled until we thought we had seen enough of China. Then we went to Russia and as we rode into Moscow some pleasant ladies were dancing. As they danced up to us they started laughing. We didn't know why but we were soon to find out for they were Maxine Relue, Florence Stauffer, Virginia

Hill, Gloria Staley and Velma Weilman. We laughed and talked awhile and I remarked that we had never seen such jovial girls. Suddenly we heard some shouting and decided to investigate and who do you think was shouting? It was Bob Jamison standing on a soap box yelling for Fascism. He was surrounded by fellow believers who included Dick Ridlen, Lester Oppenlander, Edward Rehling, Paul Kanagy and Dick Brouwer. We listened to the effective speech for awhile and then hastened on, for tomorrow we were going to Africa, home of the mosquitoes. Speaking of mosquitoes, the first thing we saw was the sign "Jane Yater and Reba Coppock's Incorporated Mosquito-Netting Company." Next door was the one and only skyscraper builder in Africa, Edmund Baurer with Richard Nahrwald and Bill Siebold as his helpers. Naturally, we went in and talked to them awhile about the good old days. But our time was growing short so we hurried on to a river by which stood Charles Feistkorn and Bob Hines talking with pebbles in their mouths. When we asked what they were doing they said they wanted to be a second Demosthenes who put pebbles in his mouth and went down to the seaside and practiced speaking.

As we didn't want to interrupt them, we walked on, and soon came upon this sign, "Scholle and Stolte. Dentist and Barber work done cheap." It turned out to be David Stolte and Wilbur Scholle!

After these startling discoveries we boarded a train for Ethiopia, only to discover on arriving in Addis Abba that Florella Shimer, Betty Birely and Betty Bumgartner were running a first aid station for the Ethiopian's who were injured. (they were slightly late, only 10 years.) Our attention was attracted suddenly by the steady beating of tom toms and down the street came the Barnum- and Bailey circus. The elephants

came first with bareback riders, who turned out to be Wilma Ramel, Miriam Rabel, Elaine Jackson, Eva Jean Wylie, Helen Squires, and Maurine Leas. As they passed three bare back riders came galloping down the street and as they rode by I read on the sign, "Maxine Case, Joyce Cleaver, and Gwendolyn Kelly, world's greatest bare back riders." Then our attention was taken up by some clowns who came jumping and running down the street and who should they be but those clowns of Harrison Hill Daily Bausser and James Morrison. Then came the dog trainers, Eileen Goddard, Dorothy Allen and Aline Brockman, followed by the trapeze, wonders Wanda Bowman, Harriet Greer, Barbara and Margaret Brower After the circus was over and we had watched our old schoolmates perform we went to our hotels and proceeded to pack for our trip home. We all agreed that it was a wonderful trip and we were sorry it was over.

The lights suddenly flooded the room and we stared at each other in amazement. "Why," we ejaculated, "we have seen each one of our 8A classmates as they will appear 25 years hence." After recovering our voices we thanked and paid the fortune teller and left the house talking over our adventures excitedly.

The next morning when we told our schoolmates about it they wouldn't believe us, but we hope you have pictured in your imagination our travels as we experienced them.

J. F. GUMPPER AND SONS

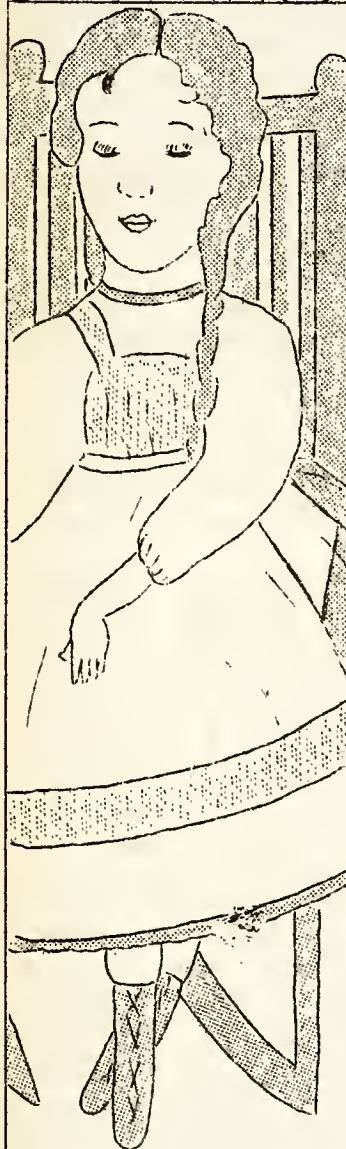
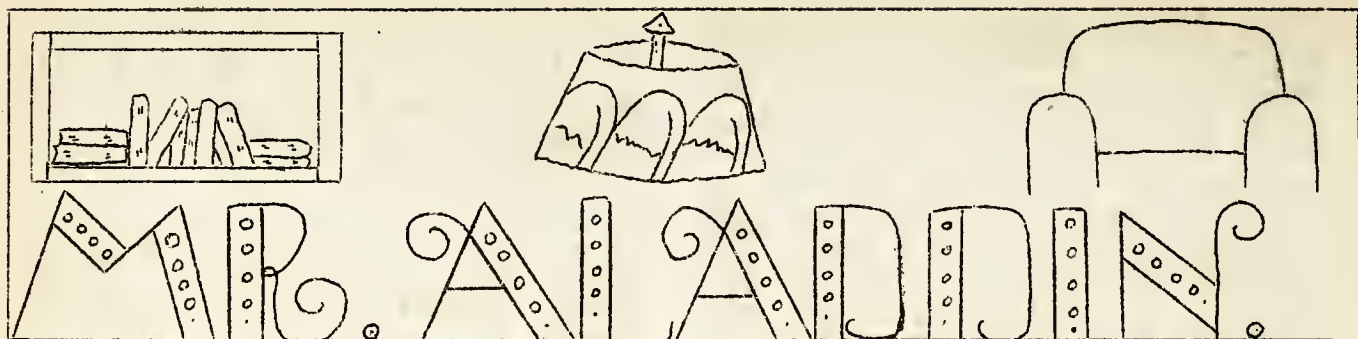
GENERAL CONTRACTORS

AND

ENGINEERS

132 E. Foster Parkway

H-3113



REBECCA

BERDINE

LOCHNER

This one act play was created from "Rebecca Of Sunnybrook Farm" by Lois Craig, Mary Louise Wilson, Janis Tremper, Mary Lucille Carlo, Ellen Motz, Richard Bailhe, and Bill McNulty under the direction of Miss Neaderhouser. It was rehearsed and presented as a home room project of room thirty-five.

The announcers are Mary Louise Wilson and Jean Forman. And the list of characters are as follows:

Rebecca-----	Katherine Kayser
Emma Jane-----	Patricia Underhill
Mr. Aladdin-----	Harold Werkman
Clara Belle-----	Berdine Lochner
Susan-----	Ellen Motz
Simpson Twin-----	Mary Lucille Carlo

SCENE I

Place: Simpson's small home.

Time: Late morning.

Characters: Simpson children, Rebecca, and Emma Jane.

Clara Belle: What can we do to make some money?

Emma Jane: Why not set up a candy booth or a lemonade stand?

Clara Belle: We have no money to buy chocolate or lemons, and besides, I don't know how to make candy.

Emma Jane: I wish we could get some furniture some way. This house is so dreary.

Susan: Why not thell thoap? I thaw an add in a catalogue where you could get a bookcathe, a chair, or a banquet lamp.

Rebecca: You have no books, you need a banquet lamp more than you need a chair.

Everybody: (Yelling irregularly.) Let's do get a banquet lamp. Oh yes!

Rebecca: I'll help you sell soap.

Emma Jane: I'll help, too.

Clara Belle: In the catalogue it looks like it's about eight feet high.

Rebecca: You'd better measure the walls. (done by Susan.)

Emma Jane: In the margin here it says that it

From REBECCA Of
SUNNYSBROOK FARM

stands two and one half feet high, when set up on a proper table. Three dollars extra.

SCENE II

Place: In Emma Jane's attic.

Time: Friday afternoon.

Characters: Rebecca and Emma Jane

Emma Jane: Can I sell you a little soap this afternoon? It is called the Rose Red and Snow White, six cakes in an ornamental box, only twenty cents for the white, twenty-five for the red. It is made from the purest ingredients, and if desired, could be eaten by an invalid with relish and profit. Oh Rebecca, don't let's say that. It makes me feel like a fool.

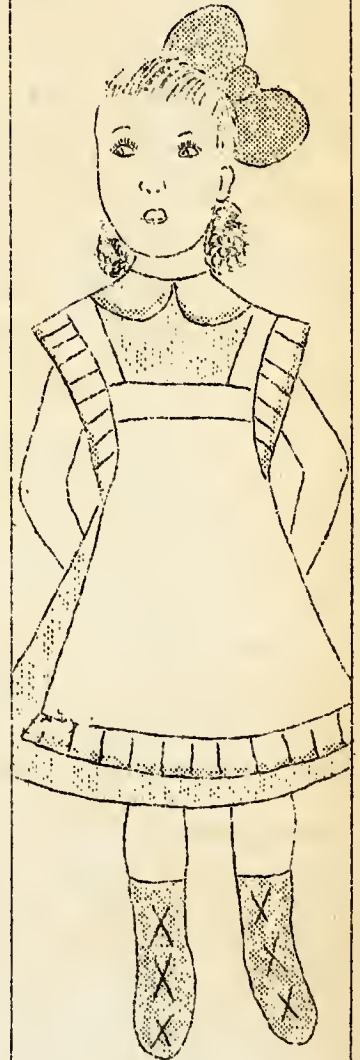
Rebecca: It takes so little to make you feel like a fool, Emma Jane, that sometimes I think you must be a fool. I don't get to feeling like a fool so terribly easy. Now leave out the eating part, if you don't like it, and go on.

Emma Jane: The Snow White is probably the most remarkable laundry soap ever manufactured. Immerse the garments, lightly rubbing the more soiled portions with soap; leave them submerged in water from sunset to sunrise and then the youngest baby can wash them without the slightest effort.

Rebecca: Of course it's just the same thing, but a baby has got to be called a babe or an infant in a circular the same as it is in poetry. Would you rather say infant?

Emma Jane: No, infant is worse even than babe. Rebecca, do you think we'd better do as the circular says, and let Elijah or Elisha try the soap before we begin selling it?

Rebecca: I can't imagine a babe doing a family wash with any soap, but it must be true or they would never print it, so don't let's bother. Oh! Won't it be fun, Emma Jane? At some of the houses where they can't possibly know me, I shan't be frightened and I shall reel off the whole rigamarole, invalid, babe, and all. Perhaps I shall say even the last sentence if I can remember it. We sound every chord in the mac-ro-cosm of satisfaction.



EMMA JANE

BERDINE LOCHNER

SCENE III

Place: On the road to North Riverbore.

Time: Saturday morning.

Characters: Emma Jane and Rebecca.

Emma Jane: Whoa! Whoa! Here we are at the store.
(They go in, stay awhile, come out, and a man brings three soap boxes and puts them in the wagon.)

(They ride along and a gorgeous leaf blows into the wagon.)

Rebecca: Does color make you sort of dizzy?
(Long Pause.)

Emma Jane: No, no it doesn't, not a mite.

Rebecca: I'd like to eat color, drink it, and sleep in it. If you could be a tree, which one would you choose?

Emma Jane: I'd rather be an apple tree in blossom, the one that blooms pink by our pig pen.

Rebecca: (Laughing) I'd choose to be that scarlet maple just on the edge of the pond there. (Pointing with the whip.) Then I could see so much more than your pink apple tree by the pig pen. I could look at all the rest of the woods, see my scarlet dress in my beautiful looking-glass, and watch all the yellow and brown growing up-side-down in the water. When I'm old enough to earn money, I'm going to have a dress like this leaf, all ruby color--thin you know, with a sweeping train and sash like the trunk of the tree, and where could I be green? Do they have green petticoats, I wonder? I'd like a green petticoat coming out now and then underneath to show what my leaves were like before I was a scarlet maple.

Emma Jane: I think it would be awful homely; I'm going to have a white satin with a pink sash, pink stockings, bronze slippers, and a spangled fan. It's your turn, Rebecca, and I'm glad, too. I haven't got over trembling from the last place yet. A lady put her head out of an upstairs window and called "Go away little girl, what ever you have in your box we don't want any." I don't know who lives here and all the blinds are shut in front. If there's nobody at home you musn't count it, but take the next house as yours.

SCENE IV

Place: On Mr. Aladdin's porch.

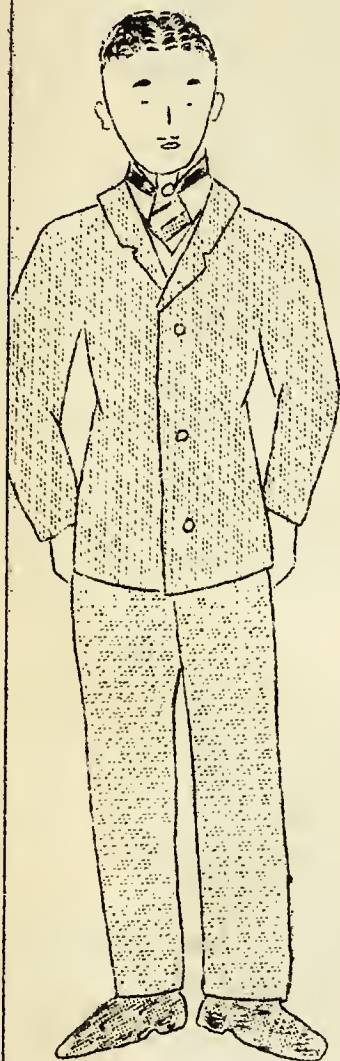
Time: On Saturday about four o'clock.

Characters: Emma Jane, Rebecca, and Mr. Alladin.

Rebecca: Is the lady of the house at home?

Mr. Aladdin: I am the lady of the house at present. What can I do for You?





MR. ALADDIN

John Logue

Rebecca: Have you ever heard of the--would you, like--or I mean, do you need any soap?

Mr. Aladdin: Do I look as if I did?

Rebecca: I didn't mean that, I have some soap to sell. I mean I would like to introduce you to a very remarkable soap, the best now on the market. It is called the-----

Mr. Aladdin: Oh! I must know that soap; made out of pure vegetable fats, isn't it?

Rebecca: The very purest.

Mr. Aladdin: No acid in it?

Rebecca: Not a trace.

Mr. Aladdin: And yet a child could do the Monday washing with it and use no force.

Rebecca: A babe.

Mr. Aladdin: Oh, a babe, eh? That child grows younger every year instead of older. Wise child! (They sit down and start talking.) I'm keeping house today but I don't live here. I'm just on a visit to my aunt who has gone to Portland. I used to live here as a boy and I am very fond of the spot.

Rebecca: I don't think anything takes the place of the farm where one lived when one was a child.

Mr. Aladdin: So you remember your childhood as a thing of the past, do you young lady?

Rebecca: I can still remember it, though it seems a long time.

Mr. Aladdin: I can remember mine well enough, and a particularly unpleasant one it was.

Rebecca: So was mine. What was your trouble?

Mr. Aladdin: Lack of food and clothes principally.

Rebecca: Oh, mine was no shoes, too many babies, and not enough books. But you are all right and happy now aren't you?

Mr. Aladdin: I'm doing pretty well, thank you. Now tell me, how much soap ought I to buy to-day?

Rebecca: How much has your aunt on hand now? And how much would she need?

Mr. Aladdin: Oh, I don't know about that. Soap keeps, doesn't it?

Rebecca: I'm not certain, but I'll look in the circular. It's sure to tell.

Mr. Aladdin: What are you going to do with the magnificent profits you get from this business?

Rebecca: We are not selling for our own benefit. We are trying to get a premium for some of our friends named Simpson.

Mr. Aladdin: How much do the Simpsons lack at this moment?

Rebecca: They sell two hundred more this month and next they can have the lamp by Christmas and they can get a shade by summertime, but I'm afraid I can't do much after to-day because my aunt Miranda might like to have me.

Mr. Aladdin: I see. Well that's all right. I'll

take three hundred cakes, and that will give them shade and all. (Rebecca falls off chair into lilac bushes.)

Mr. Aladdin: You should never seem surprised when you have taken a large order. You ought to have replied: "Can't you make it three hundred and fifty?" Instead of capsizing in such an unbusiness-like manner.

Rebecca: Oh, I could never say anything like that. But it doesn't seem right for you to take that much. Are you sure you can afford it?

Mr. Aladdin: If I can't I'll save on something else.

Rebecca: What if your aunt shouldn't like that kind of soap?

Mr. Aladdin: My aunt always likes what I like.

Rebecca: Mine doesn't.

Mr. Aladdin: Then there's something wrong with your aunt.

Rebecca: Or with me.

Mr. Aladdin: What is your name, little lady?

Rebecca: Rebecca Rowena Randall.

Mr. Aladdin: What! Both! Your mother was generous.

Rebecca: She couldn't bear to give up either of the names she said.

Mr. Aladdin: do you want to hear my name?

Rebecca: I think I must know already. You must be Mr. Aladdin in Arabian Nights. (Emma Jane comes up on the porch.)

Rebecca: Oh Emma Jane! We are sold out! (Mr. Aladdin smiles.)

Mr. Aladdin: If you could contrive to keep a secret, you two little girls, it would be a rather nice surprise to have the lamp arrive on Thanksgiving Day, wouldn't it? (Rebecca and Emma Jane break into a chorus of excited thanks.)

Mr. Aladdin: Oh, don't mention it. I was sort of a commercial traveler once myself, years ago, and I like to see the thing done well. Good-bye, Miss Rebecca Rowena! Just let me know anytime you have anything to sell, for I'm certain beforehand I shall want it.

Rebecca: Good-bye, Mr. Aladdin! I surely shall.



KEEP YOUR WHITE SHOES

WHITE

WITH WHITE ACE

RAPID SHOE REPAIRING

PRESTON AKE

3403 FAIRFIELD

KEITZER PHARMACY

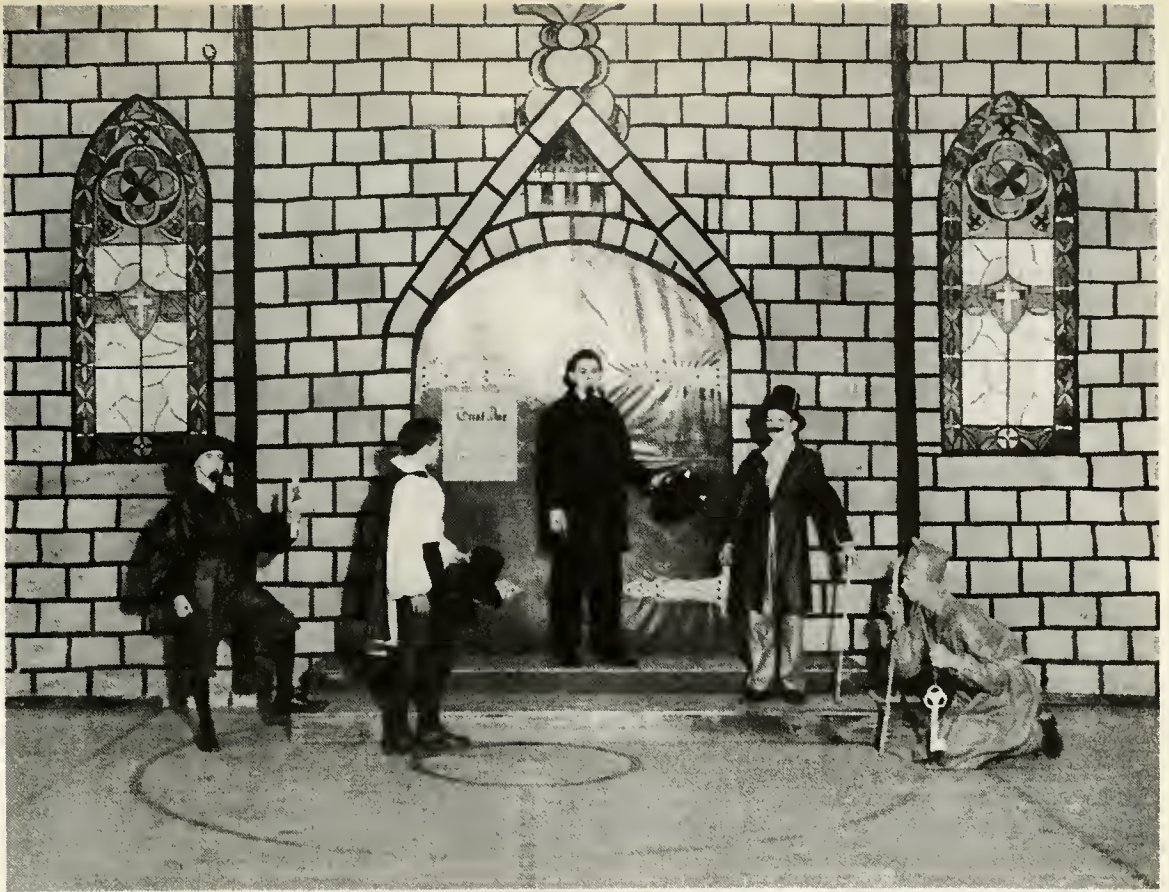
FAIRFIELD AND MAXINE DRIVE

PRESCRIPTIONS

DRUGS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

VISIT OUR FOUNTAIN



May - Fair





City Champion Basket Ball Team



End Ball Team, 5th. & 6th. Grades

Sports

HARRISON HILL WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

A hard fighting Harrison Hill five came out on top in the annual Fort Wayne junior high tournament. Victory came after four grueling games. They defeated Harmar, Jefferson, and Smart to reach the finals. Forest Park defeated Washington and Franklin to reach the finals.

During the first half of the final game neither team seemed to have much advantage as the half ended with the score 10 to 10. Forest Park opened the third quarter with a driving attack which soon ran the score to 17-10. A fourth quarter rally led by Hines brought Harrison Hill within one point of Forest Park. With 15 seconds to play, Siebold, Harrison Hill forward, was fouled as he drove for the basket and calmly tossed the free throw to tie the game at 18 all. The regular playing time ended before any further scoring could take place. In the extra period Miller made one free throw and

the game ended without any further scoring.

At the close of the game the Franklin team was awarded the sportsmanship trophy and Harrison Hill received the championship trophy. A capacity crowd witnessed every session.

H.H.	F.G.	F.	T.P.
Hines	4	4	12
Siebold	1	1	3
Close	0	0	0
Miller	1	1	3
Dannecker	0	0	0
Feistkorn	0	1	1
Brower	0	0	0
	6	7	19

F. P.	F.G.	F.	T.P.
Harrison	0	1	1
Reece	0	1	1
Staley	0	0	0
Popp	2	1	5
Moyer	1	0	2
Swager	0	3	3
Barley	2	0	4
Waltermirth	1	0	2
	6	6	18

ENDBALL

Harrison Hill's endball team, made up of fifth and sixth grade boys, had a very good season. They won four out of five games in their division, winning from South Wayne, Hoagland, Washington, and Study. In the championship game they lost by a score of 45 to 35. The players were Ward Gilbert, Tom Wilson, Kenneth Giese, Walter Gilbert, Kenneth Iba, Bill Greer, Bill Schlose, Bob Gildea, Jewett Lubchow, Robert Dreyer, Melvin Potter, Richard Sellers, and Bob Ruckle.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL LEAGUE STANDING

CLASS	WON	LOST
8A ¹	6	0
8A ⁴	4	1
8B ²	3	3
8B ¹	2	3
8A ²	2	3
8A ³	1	4
8B ³	1	4
7A ¹	4	1
7B ¹	4	1
7A ²	3	2
7A ³	3	2
7B ²	2	4
7B ³	0	6

Activities

EVANGELINE PROJECT

At last the house was finished. Such a time we had before it could be completed or even started. It could not be decided just how big it ought to be, or what wood was best to use. After these questions were discussed and a decision reached, the house grew by bounds and soon was completed according to specifications. Perhaps you are wondering what house I am talking about. It is Evangeline's and Benedict's home in the story of Evangeline which we read in English. James Morrison, Karl Eberly, and Paul Dannecker assumed the role of carpenters and built it. Howard Tyndall busied himself many seventh periods and at home at night making the thatch roof for the house. Thomas Adams graciously furnished us with the necessary straw. Different members of the English classes made furniture and other things for the house.

Next, we had to work out plans for making the church. Jack Selzer and Vincent Minger did a good job in reproducing the church where the mande was read to the Acadians, forcing them to leave their homes and go as exiles to America. Dave Stolte and Bob Dalman wanted to show Miss Little that they knew how to sew, so they made the thatch roof for the church. To our surprise, they did a good job.

The soldiers for the church, the people for the betrothal feast, and different characters which we needed to complete our little project, were made by var-

ious members of the classes. The figures were made on cardboard, painted and fitted into little, wooden standards which the boys had made.

Our Evangeline project was hard work, but we had fun doing it. Probably all of us will remember better those parts of Evangeline. We are proud of our results. Come and see our house and church! Dorothy Allen, 8A

WINS SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD

We are all very proud of the fact that Robert Jamieson, representative of Harrison Hill School in the eighth grade Spelling Contest which was held recently, was one of the four people who were each presented with an award for sportsmanship during the contest. The four people were chosen from approximately two hundred children who participated in the spelling match. One award was given by the city schools, one by the parochial schools, and two by the county schools. The awards were presented Tuesday, May 4, at the new radio studio. Congratulations Bob!

Mildred Hankee, 8A

BIRDHOUSE CONTEST

There was a city wide birdhouse contest held at the Court House. Three of the winners were from the eighth grade of the Harrison Hill School. Junior Karst of Room 49 won first prize. Lee-Pierce from the same room won third prize. Edward Wade won honorable mention.



A SILENT BOOSTER

Mr. Preston Ake has been a silent booster for the Harrison Hill Clothing Room for a long time. We hope he will continue to be our helper for many more years. Do you know who Mr. Ake is? Well, we all should know, for he has been one of Harrison Hill's best friends. This friend of ours is a first class shoe repairman. He has helped the clothing room by supplying soles and heels for worn out and badly dilapidated shoes. Our friend has very generously done this work for the actual cost of the materials, not making one penny for himself.

In his little shop on Fairfield Avenue Mr. Ake has a rule that makes shoes left unclaimed for over thirty days liable to sale for the price of repairs. Who benefits by this, you will probably ask. Many a good pair of shoes have found their way to our clothing room and have kept someone's feet warm and dry. Every school has its underprivileged children and Mr. Ake, like all of us, wanted to help them. We, at Harrison Hill, appreciate all he has done for us and hope the future will be filled with good things for him.

Donald Knorr, 7A

THE THRIFT PLAN OF ROOM 45

In Room 45 we have a plan which has greatly increased the banking in our room. In this plan the cashier in each row has the responsibility of reminding the pupils in his row to bring their bank money on Tuesday. On Tuesday morning the cashier does the banking for his row. We also spend part of the seventh period on Monday discussing thrift and the many ways in which we can practice it. Our goal is to reach a banking average of 100% and to learn to practice thrift in everything we do. I am sure you will find it loads of fun and very profitable to plan thrift programs.

Mildred Hankee, 8A

OUR PUPPET SHOW

You know the old old story of Little Black Sambo. In our puppet show we had it. Mumbo and Jumbo and little Black Sambo seemed very happy. Jumbo was dressed in a pair of green overalls. Mumbo was dressed in a long dress of red, white, and blue, with a big white apron. You can guess how Sambo was dressed. The tigers had stripes, of course.

Robert Duemling, 3B

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PET SHOP

The 1B's in Miss Cross's room have a pet shop. First, the children brought their own pets from home and told the class how to take care of them and train them so they won't annoy anybody. Then some of the pupils brought kodak pictures of their pets, and had a picture display.

Finally came the building of the pet shop. The children were divided into different committees. One committee made the awnings, another painted the bricks, others made the cats, dogs, and rabbits out of stockings. The other committees made the price list and dollar bills. When the shop was completed each child was given a different amount of money to purchase a pet.

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AN INTERESTING MODEL

The 2B's of Room 6 are making a model railroad station in their room. They have been studying trains for quite a while and have an almost complete station. In the station they have wooden and clay models. They also have a great many books about trains and have been studying them. They also gave a play about trains.

The 2B class made history when Mr. Hatton, the man who took them through the station, held the Manhattan Limited for two minutes overtime, for the first time in history. They examined the sleepers, coaches, diners, club cars, and engine. The class have made a large model train.

BOOKS GIVEN TO SCHOOL FOR LIBRARY

James M. Barrett, Father of James Barrett in Room 46, gave our school library two books of pictures of the World War. We appreciate this gift very much.

Jack Sinn of Room 53 is becoming well-known as a baby charmer. He had a chance to show his affinity when Mary Anne Duemling's little sister came to visit school.

MAY YOU ALL GROW UP INTO

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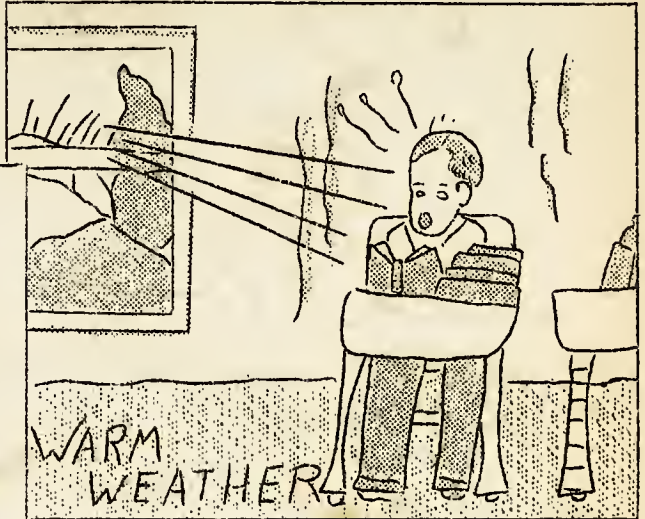
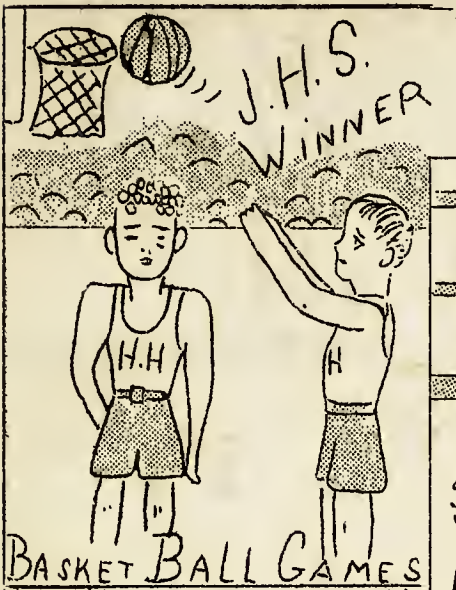
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H. E. MC INTIRE

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TIRE AND BATTERY SERVICE

DO WE REMEMBER

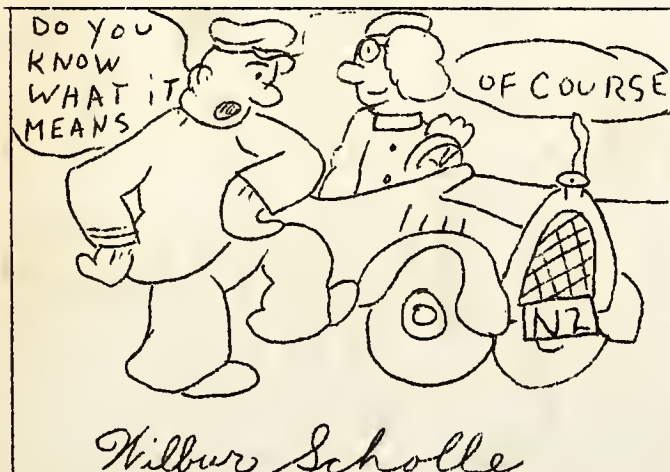
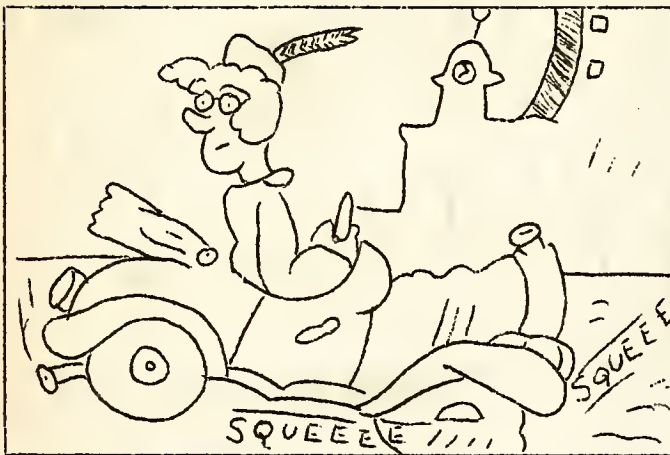
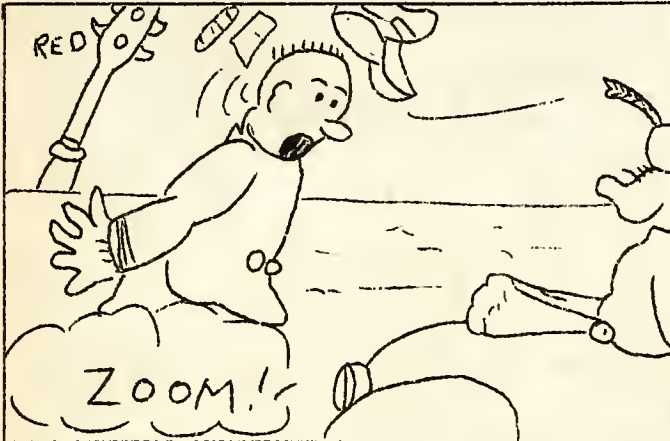
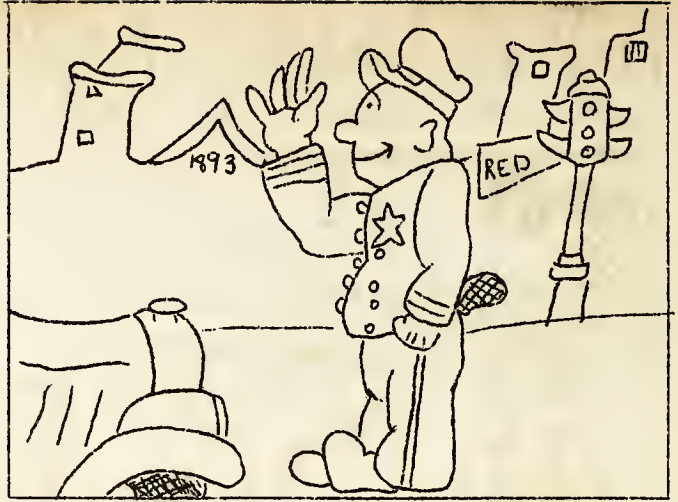


JUNE - 11 - 1937



ELAINE HIRSCHY

OFFICER TIM



Wilbur Scholle

THE XYLOPHONE

In the co-operative group we have a new xylophone in our music and art room. On it we can play many tunes that we find in our music book. It is great fun to play the xylophone. We are happy to have one.

Lou Ann Kayser, 4B

James Holtrey in Room 34 won first place in the 7B³ Geography contest by spelling 50 names taken from China, S. E. Asia and India.

BIRD HOUSES

The children in room 4 under the direction of Miss Garman made bird houses. The materials used were wood, nails, tin-cans, and paint. The first thing they did was to make the patterns, lay the patterns on the wood and then draw around them. They sawed on the lines and nailed the pieces of wood together. A hole was then made in one side for a door. Last of all the house was painted and ready for some bird family.

ATTEND THE
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SOUTH OF RUDISILL

Bill Gessler of Room 5 thought he was going over big when pretty Peggy Berning gave him a stick of gum. Bill thought differently, though, when he tried to chew it. It was only wood!

Mr. Simpson: "State two conditions causing water power in a region."
1st Pupil: (thinking of fishing) "Salted and canned."
2nd Pupil: "A river which flows downstream."

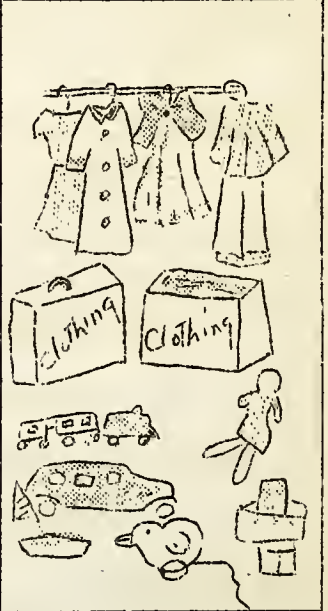
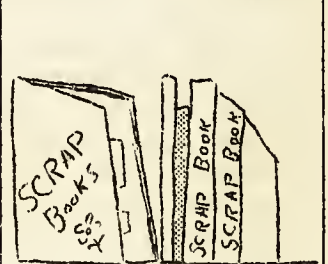
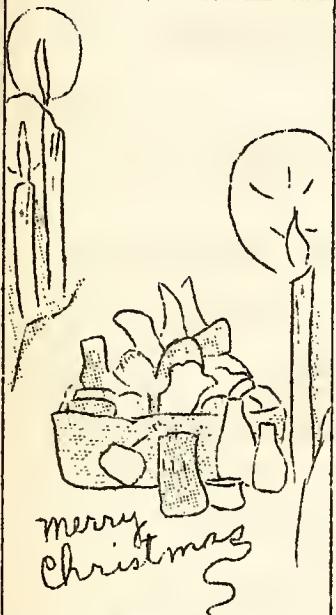
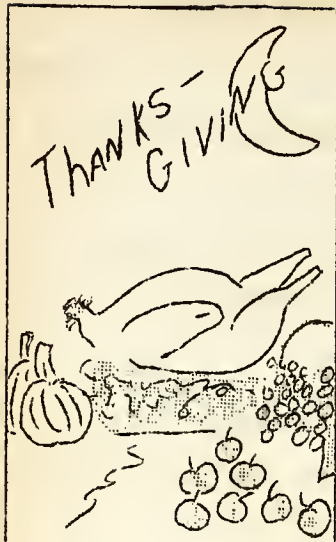
THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

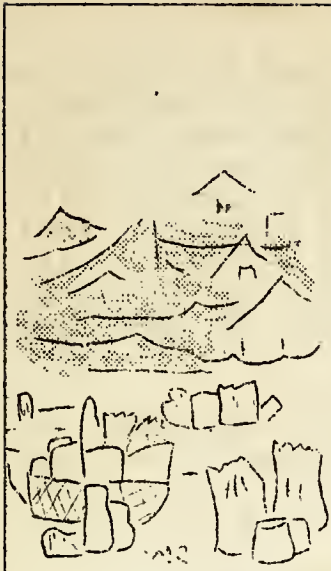
The Junior Red Cross to which all school children are eligible to membership has been very active in Harrison Hill this year. It gives children an opportunity to carry on in a lesser way the acts of mercy for which the American Red Cross is so justly famous. Our representatives to the Junior Red Cross Council, Gloria Staley, Patty Siebel, and Bety Jean Haney, have had the pleasure of reporting Harrison Hill's doings in carrying out the pledge, I Serve.

At the time of Thanksgiving and Christmas large baskets of food for the needy were contributed by the children of our school. Two rooms gave a splendid Christmas party for the Children's Day Nurse. One room gave favors made of gum drops and in the other rooms each member of the class picked some child and gave him a piece of clothing and a toy. Various rooms have made scrap books which orphan children enjoy very much.

During the great flood in the Ohio Valley and Southern Indiana in which many of our friends were forced from their homes, our school gave one hundred and fifty nine dollars toward this needy cause. Six large cartons of toys, to amuse the children while their parents tried to clean up their homes and repair damages, were also donated by our members.

Encouraged by the Harrison Hill Junior Red Cross the Easter bunny went mountain climbing and furnished basket, filled with jelly beans, dyed eggs, and chocolate bunnies, for forty under privileged mountain children. Our Red Cross member's delight and fun in painting eggs, making baskets, and donating pennies to purchase the things needed to complete the bas





kets almost equaled the joy of the mountain children when they received the unexpected treat. Just think our bunny traveled six hundred miles to deliver his baskets.

We have also been making interesting jig - saw puzzles. These puzzles will be given to the Soldier's Home in Marion, Indiana. The children have the enjoyment of making them and feel sure they will help fill some of the soldiers' leisure hours with amusement.

This year the Juniors have also helped with our clothing room as part of their program-- Everyone has helped to keep the shelves well stocked with the things needed. This year has indeed been a busy one and we hope to do much more next year.

Maxine Case and Sally Slater

THE MIGHTY OHIO FLOOD

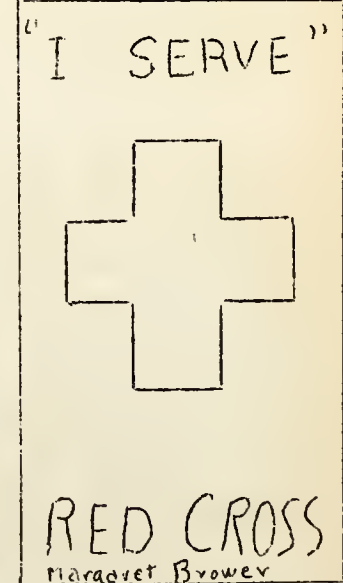
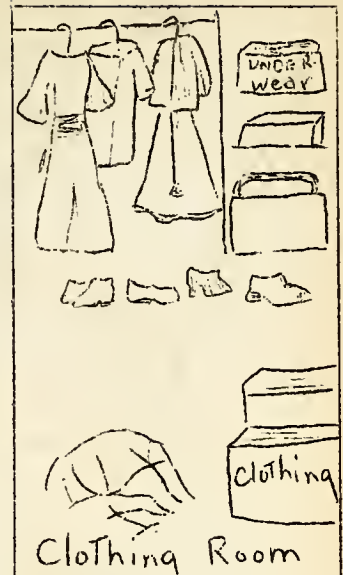
Many people are drowning,
Houses are swept away,
Still the mighty Ohio pours,
Into the still mightier
Father of Waters.

Feverishly the Red Cross works
Feeding the starving, rescuing
the drowning,

Working day and night,
Doctors and nurses suffer also,
For the sake of helping
their fellowman.
John Lomont, 7A

Nancy Buck, of the 1B, is in bed resting for the remainder of the year. The class wrote her a letter to tell her what they have been doing while she is away. The children went to a flower shop to buy her a plant for May Day.

Our school greatly regrets the absence of Edmund Bauer of the 8A class. He has been confined to the Lutheran Hospital.





ENGLISH MOVIES

All English movies are not made in Great Britain. Some are produced right here at Harrison Hill. The 5B's have just finished one called Mirror of Early English History.

The class had a contest to choose the best title. Alvin Haley gave the name of Mirror of Early English History and won the prize. The movie showed scenes from the time of the Romans in Britain till the time of William the Conqueror.

The whole class acted as cameramen, and each person wrote a paragraph or conversation for the script. Bob Hemrick and Edward Keefer operated the movie and made the sound effects. Dick Paul read the script. The parts of Queen Guinevere, Lady Agnes, Lady Jane, King Alfred, the herdsman's wife, Pope Gregory, and Harold the Fair were read by Kathryn Gramlich, Margery Miller, June Bauer, Donald Steup, and Roland Leming.

Kathryn Gramlich, 5B

NATURE CORNER

The 1B's in Room 25 have two alligators, a newt, and two frogs. The two alligators were brought from Florida by Dick Hutner. 1B's have learned that alligators live to be two hundred years old, their eggs are hatched by sun in the sand, they are 16 to 20 feet long and shoes and bags are made from alligator skin.

Miss Chenoweth gave them two frogs. Here are some poems they made about them:

Jump

Jump

Jump

Jump into the middle
Of the puddle!

Knee deep!

Knee deep!

Jump in!

The little frogs say "Sing, sing,
sing, sing."

The big bull frog says, "Ker-chunk
Ker-chunk!"

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Dick Mc Kay, without his strut.
Arlene Snyder, walking with a girl
Caroline Lichtenberg, telling a clever joke.

Charles Close, as Nelson Eddy.
Kenneth Lampton, not boasting.
James Weaver, having a lesson prepared.

Fred Schwier, having his lessons on time.

Tenney White, not having something to play with.

Junior Ayres, doing a dance.

WALTER NOLL

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THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Several people were asked this question, "What is one improvement needed by our school?" Listed below are a few of the answers.

Reed Watson, one of our janitors, said, "The playground should be completed so the boys could play baseball without getting in to mud up to their knees."

Mr. Simpson, one of our teachers said, "One of the greatest needs of the Harrison Hill School is an adequate drinking fountain system properly used by all pupils"

Miss Horning, another teacher, also believes the playground should be finished.

Bob Hines, one of the eighth grade pupils, said, "I believe one of our great needs is a new gym floor."

Jean Weil, also a graduate this June, said, "I think the halls should be wider so the children would not get pushed into their lockers."

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NEW PICTURE MAP

The 5B's in room 51 have made a picture map of the places where the Vikings went. They have drawn tiny boats and Vikings and have pasted them on where the Vikings went. They also have icebergs, sea monsters, and even polar bears in Iceland and Greenland. The map tells that Eric the Red discovered Greenland in 928 and that Leif Ericson discovered America (called Vinland) in 1001.

Alvin Haley, 5B

ART CLUB

The officers elected for the second term by the Art Club are the following pupils: President, Bob Hines; Vice President, Bob Taylor; Secretary and Treasurer, Billy Weber. Talks have been given on various artists and pictures by Bob Taylor and Mary Vandefort.

Billy Weber, 7A

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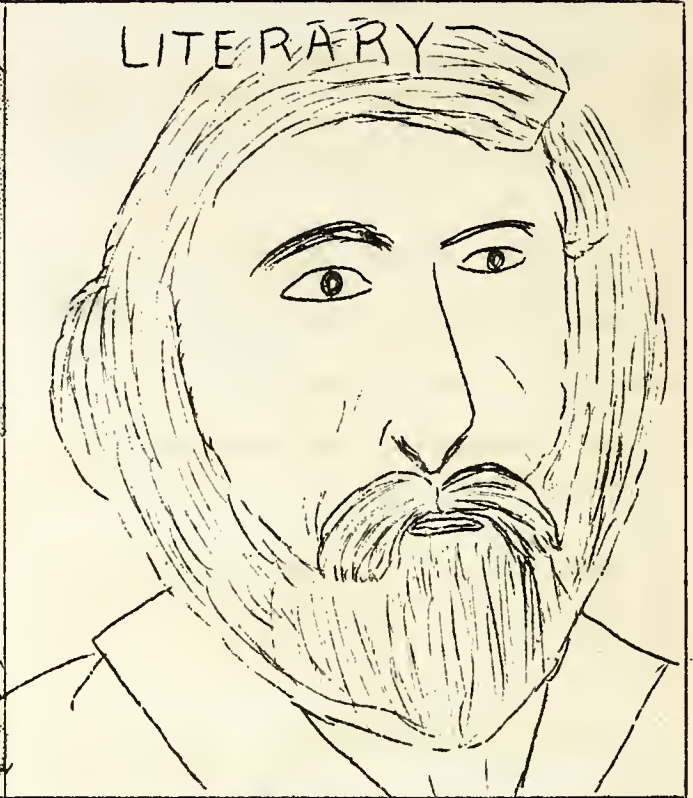
617 FOSTER PARKWAY
2728 SOUTH CALHOUN

New England Tours Room 53

HISTORIC



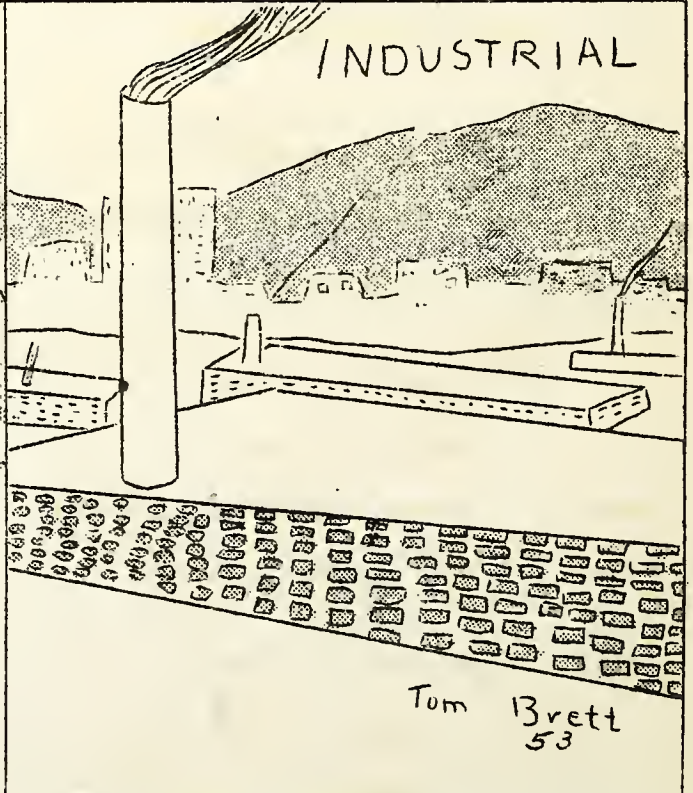
LITERARY



VACATION



INDUSTRIAL



Tom Brett
53

NEW ENGLAND AND YOU

You wake up one morning
And give a great yawn
For a clock made in Waterbury
Wakes you at dawn!

You put on your shoes
Which are now made in Lynn
Such a beautiful morning
There never has been!

If there's no pie for breakfast
You'll have a sad face
For no pie for breakfast
Is such a disgrace!

You put on your ring
It is all of pure gold
It was made in Rhode Island
At Providence old!

You take out your pen
And write to a friend
On paper from Holyoke, Mass.
You tell what good fishing
We have here in Maine
And that you caught
Seventeen bass!

Bob Hansel, 5A

NEW ENGLAND AUTHORS

Have you ever seated yourself
in a comfortable chair after the
evening meal and started to read?
Did you ever think where the auth
or of your story was born and
lived?

Louisa M. Alcott was born in
Boston, Mass. Ralph W. Emerson
lived across the street from her.
Would you like to see both of the
houses? Go to Boston. Of course
you have read Hiawatha by Henry
W. Longfellow. His house is at
Cambridge, Mass. His birthplace
is in Portland, Me. Nathaniel Haw-
thorne's house is the famous House
of Seven Gables. His Statue is
there, also. Did you ever know
that John Greenleaf Whittier liv-
ed in Amesbury, Mass.? That was his
birthplace. Many Noted authors
lived in the New England States.

Donna J. Mouglin, 5A

OUR INDUSTRIAL TOUR

Listen my children and you
shall hear
Of the wonderful industrial
tour we're
Giving you in pictures and
stories,
About textile factories and great
granite quarries,
Of shoes and hardware and paper
and clocks,
Of silverware and jewelry and
fine fishing docks.

The diary in which you put
your dates,
May have been made in New
England States,
The clothes you have on,
And the watch you wear,
May have been manufactured there.
Nancy Geake, 5A

OLD IRONSIDES

Out on the sea she glides
With her wooden sides,
That held like iron!
With her cannon free,
That shook the sea,
Old Ironsides!

Out to the sea she went,
To fight the Englishmen,
Never her flag she hides!
Out to win freedom,
For our great land!
Old Ironsides!

Jack Sinn and Earl Cheever, 5A
See Old Ironsides-Boston Navy
Yard.

PAUL REVERE

Paul Revere was a silversmith
of Boston, Mass. During the rev-
olution he built a powder mill. On
April 18, 1775, he made his famed
Ride to spread the news that the
English Redcoats were coming. The
Redcoats were beaten badly, I
fear, for the farmers chased them
back to Boston. You can see Paul
Revere's house in Boston.

John Hitzeman, 5A

MR. AND MISS 4A CLASS IN PERSON

When I was thinking what I'd do for opening exercises, my mother suggested a class picture. The others had been so interesting that it was hard to get something new and different. So I am going to give a chalk talk. A chalk talk is one you draw while you talk. Mine will be a class picture. A class picture has one body with a feature of almost everyone in the class.

Now I want you to help me by guessing to whom each feature belongs. We'll use this cup for a face. Who do you suppose has these blue eyes? Ralph Dunkelberg.

And here I see a golden curl. To whom do you suppose it belongs Elizabeth Fulton.

Peering over the shoulder ahead of me, I see a brown curl.- Whose is it? Lois Ruth Breimeier

On the other side whose pig-tail do we see with a big blue checkered taffeta bow? Lura Lee Orsborn.

Next to it is a heavy, dark brown braid with a smaller ribbon. From whose head does it hang? Mary Belle Hawver.

Whose wide shoulders do these remind you of? He'll surely be a football player some day. Jimmie McKivergin.

Now my eyes see a red and blue tie. He is even wearing it today. Martin Oetting.

A good reader wears glasses in this room. Bobby Crilly.

This little round nose belongs to Jimmy Stambaugh. I really forgot. I didn't mean to tell you.

See this little rosebud mouth. Whom does it represent? Lois Bauer

Which girl has this forehead? Barbara Tolerton.

Who has a twin sweater set with a stripe? Joan Gossman.

This class certainly does like to read, but one person beats us all. Have you guessed who it is? Bill Jenkins.

One person is especially fond of drawing. Have you noticed? Corrine Hutner.

Just see how this brown pleated skirt fits! Whose is it? Phyllis Conine. Sally also has one.

Two legs-but the T-strap gives you a hint. Mary Lu Baughman.

Should you meet this very important person in the halls of Harrison Hill School, we do not know whether to advise you to call it Mr. 4A class or Miss 4A class. That is up to you.

Anne Waterfield, 4A

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THE STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club is sponsored by Miss Bickhart in Room 42. The officers are Dick Stevenson, President, and Bob Jamieson, Vice President.

The club is making a big collection of U. S. stamps for exchange with dealers in foreign countries. The club is also making a collection of both foreign and U. S. stamps for a school collection.

KINDERGARTENS IN FORT WAYNE

The city schools together with other public schools throughout the United States, are celebrating this year the 100th anniversary of the founding of kindergartens in this country.

The first kindergarten was organized 38 years ago in Fort Wayne at the Hoagland School and the late Miss Norma Allen was Fort Wayne's first kindergarten teacher. Miss Allen also organized the first kindergarten classes in the Bloomingdale, Hanna, and Nebraska schools at the turn of the century. Since that time kindergartens have been established in the public schools throughout the city. There are now 18 kindergarten centers in Fort Wayne with 15 kindergarten teachers, who teach 1400 pupils under the supervision of Miss Mabel K. Holland.

Mr. Simpson: "Name an edible product of the meat-packing industry
Pupil: (thinking of by-products)
"Hair pins."

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LANGUAGE CLUB

The Language Club has had many interesting speakers. Mr. Vernon Sheldon spoke to the Language Club March 16 on French. Mr. Sheldon, a World War soldier, told of the different things that happened to him while he was in France. On April 13 Eric Hoppe, father of Natalie Hoppe, a member of the Language Club, spoke on the resemblance of the German words to the English. On April 20 Mr. Henry Meyers, the physical education supervisor, spoke on his trip to Germany in 1928.

Bob Guzenhauser, 7A

The 8B's are making their dresses and some made their May Fair Costumes.

The 8A's have traded off for seven periods this semester. The girls have learned to work with hammer and nails. The boys learned to cook, press pants, and sew on buttons.

OLD DR. BROWN

Old Dr. Brown,
Was a merry old clown,
He went on a case,
With a jovial face,
But came back with a most awful
frown.

He visited his patient twice a
day
And tried and tried in every way
To find what ailed the poor Mrs.
Heeth--

They finally found she had mice
in her teeth.

Robert Budde, 6A

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H-3371

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WHICH WILL BE PLACED IN OUR
MODERN COLD STORAGE VAULT.

BLACKSTONE FUR SHOP

110 W. WASHINGTON STREET

In Miss Gasser's room the pupils who are on the honor roll in writing are: Junior Kirtz, Eddie Vick, Jimmy Darroch, Florence Parlee, Jack Holloway, Dick Hutner, Barbara Listenberger, Patsy Moore, Lester White, David Brown, Betty Lou Stair, Wanda Warden, Richard Keefer, David Auer, Jean Hoffman, and Russell Case.

NEW LIGHTS

The Barnes Electric Company has chosen our school in which to make an experiment with a new type of lighting. The purpose of this experiment is to see which type of light is the most effective. The new lights were put in only three rooms, Miss Easterling's, Miss Horning's, and the kindergarten room.

SIGNS

SIGNS

SIGNS

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LIFE INSURANCE

ERNEST F. BRINKMAN

703 OLD FIRST BANK BLDG.

PHONE A-2105

E. H. ROLF

COAL AND SUPPLY COMPANY

1702-1710 FAIRFIELD AVE.

Every Monday, in Miss Murphys room, we have a hobby period. Each boy and girl brings their individual hobby to work on. Some of the hobbies are making model airplanes, collecting stamps, knitting, and reading.

Kenneth Breimeir, 6A

MOON BEAMS

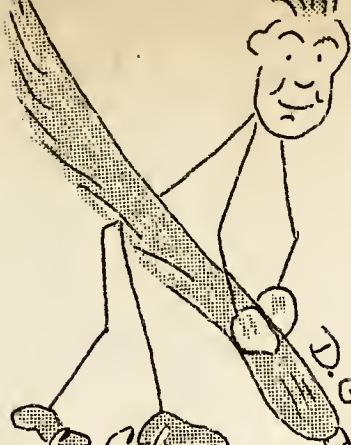
Across the lake shining bright
Breaking the darkness of the night
Lo to me it seems,
Nothing so beautiful
As those silver moon beams.

Martha Lee Wake, 7B

The first day after spring vacation, Calvin Rose walked into Miss Wingate's room. The floor had just been waxed and Calvin accidentally slipped and fell. Clever Dale Landis told Calvin he put on a very good floor-show.

Dona Schlegel

Charles
Helen
Marjorie
Lo France



Geo. E. Chenoweth
Georgetta
McIntire

Freda Withers

Margaret H. King
Verna Mae Feigler
Helen H. Hegan
Helen Simon
Evelyn Starming
Louise M. Lankester

Virginia Danuser

Patrice Nolan
Paul W. Bailey
Mary Leck
Ithma A. Gasser
Mildred Chenoweth

H. H. Goldman
Thomas L. Yates
Alexander Simpson
Oliver H. Wear

Henry B. Foster
Lealah
Heidbrink

Mildred Aetehruse
Fredrica Tucker

FIN 20 Dec

Gloria Quibel
George Collier
Bertha M. Bickhart
Lara E. Kirby
Grace Longworth
Ester R. Guckner
Ruth C. Crose
Kathryn Troxel
Martha Sherman
Olyubeth
R. Whitten

Aut o ^{up} Graphs





